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of the cliffs, and communicating with the beach! Such a proposition would be regarded with horror by the few who occupy cottages in that vicinity, and to whom certainly the present seclusion and want of cultivation are most agreeable; but I venture to say, its spirit will be carried out before twenty years are over, at the end of which time, Newport will be as famous as Brighton or Boulogne.

There are some well-designed residences here, among which the imposing villa built by UPRJOHN for Mr. King, in the Italian style, is most conspicuous. I am sorry to see quite a number of Gothic cottages—a kind of building which, from its structure and associations, is ill-adapted to this country. Our climate requires that a spacious verandah should form an important part of our summer residences, and this does not “compose” well with the pointed style. Besides, the small irregular rooms and the heated attics, which that mode of building requires, are not favorable to comfort. The Italian, Anglo-Italian, and what has been called the “bracketed” manner, are all much more desirable. The Roman Catholics are building an expensive church of rough brown stone, in a style which, so far as I can judge, in its present state, is a mixture of the first and second pointed. It consists of a nave, with stone pillars, supporting a clerestory, a moderately deep chancel, two side aisles, and a tower on the north side. It is to have richly carved stone capitals to the columns, stained glass in the windows, a tiled floor, a decorated reredos, and a ceiling painted in polychrome. I could not learn whether there was to be a screen for the chancel, but I suppose not from its comparative shallowness. The architect is a young Irishman, a pupil of Mr. Pugin, and the whole work will be a better specimen of Gothic architecture than one usually meets in this country in the churches of the Roman Catholics, who seem to be far behind other sects in architectural taste.

It is curious to see how, even in this remote corner of the earth, where one might suppose it would be difficult to make the comparison, Greek Art asserts its supremacy, in all that addresses itself to the sense of beauty of form. There is a little low structure, erected many years ago, I believe, before the Revolution, for the *Redwood Library*, with a well proportioned pediment, supported by four Doric columns, and with wings on each side, continuing in their sky lines the inclination of the main roof, which, notwithstanding the disfigurements of rusticated work and windows, is the most agreeable architectural object in the place. There is a purity, a simplicity, a repose, in its appearance, that delights the eye, and I shall not leave Newport without looking at it again through its enclosure of thick foliage. I am not an admirer of the general adoption of the Greek style for modern buildings. I think it is particularly unsuitable to churches, banks, hotels, and gentlemen's residences. I loathe those miserable miniatures of the Parthenon in pine timber, which one sees so often in our country villages occupied as apothecaries' shops, or doctors' or lawyers' offices. The expression of purpose is so important in all architecture which is not entirely or chiefly monumental, and the law of association controls us so much in our enjoyment of it, that we cannot endure exteriors which belie what is behind them, or remind us of ideas widely re-

moved from those which occasioned their erection. We are shocked by no such incongruities when we see a Greek portico to a public library. Not only is the building of a monumental character as it were—that is, something erected in honor of Art and learning—but the classic form is also convenient for receiving and preserving literary treasures, and all the associations connected with it are those which are dearest to the literate man.

I have always been an admirer of the mediæval styles, and carried at one time my respect for precedent in this branch of Art to the extent of the most ardent ecclesiologists.

I find myself now, however, looking with more leniency upon what Mr. Pugin would denominate “Pagan” ideas. Notwithstanding the charm of association, which I willingly admit belongs to the mediæval styles, I cannot help feeling that there is a sort of “play-acting” of dishonest simulation in erecting buildings, so often unsuited to the purposes for which they are intended—interiors too long to permit the sermon to be heard by more than half the congregation—windows too narrow and unfrequent to admit the light and air which our climate requires—columns so large and so numerous that they conceal the pulpit from multitudes, and various other inconveniences which I have no room to mention.

It is difficult to criticize architecture according to strict æsthetic rules—to look only at combinations of forms and colors. I know how beautifully the mysterious doctrines and heavenly aspirations of the Christian faith are expressed by some peculiarities in the pointed style. I feel the force of that curious symbolism which has written the articles of Faith and the legends of the Church on the walls of ancient cathedrals, in so many alphabets of stone. I understand the power which the broken lights, and long vistas, and dark vaults, of these interiors, exercise in solemnizing the thoughts. But I cannot separate these structures from the times in which, and the hands by which, they were built. As they were natural products of those times and those hands, so do imitations of them now in this year of the world seem forced and unnatural. Fitness, after all, is essential to true beauty. The harmonious adjustment of means to ends outweighs in the long run the most cherished associations of history and romance. A rude church, built of logs upon the prairie, is a more pleasing object than a miniature cathedral in clap-boards. Turrets and lancet windows please us for a while, like the scenery of the theatres, but when their inutility becomes sensibly apparent, their beauty vanishes. People dress in broadcloth instead of chain-armor, and wield pens and yard-sticks in lieu of lances. The light and air of Heaven are needed in our dwellings and churches. We hear sermons instead of masses. Art should accommodate itself to life. It should be the expression of the Beautiful in the actual life of the nineteenth century,—not of the Beautiful in the life of ancient times. It should be the natural growth of the years in which it flourishes—the flower of a plant that has its root in the common soil beneath our feet, and not a withered exotic kept in a herbarium—its freshness and beauty gone, and its chief use to serve as an illustration of science or history.

H.

THE CHRONICLE.

AMERICAN ART AND ARTISTS.

THE LESSON TAUGHT TO AMERICANS BY THE WORLD'S FAIR.—The Great Fair will close on the 11th of the present month. The success of the Yacht America, of the Reaping Machine, and a few other contributions of great practical importance, make up for our failure in the display of objects of beauty and taste. We can now afford to inquire into the causes of this failure, and to see whether they should not be remedied in future. We have always wondered that there should have been any surprise among intelligent observers at the inferior character of specimens of American Art manufacture in the Crystal Palace. The most numerous and attractive articles there are those which derive their principal value from an inventive genius, in the application to them of form and color. Now this is a department in which we have made scarcely any progress at all. In contrivances which abridge labor and promote convenience—in the production of the necessities of life and of the most useful implements, we may successfully compete with any other nation. Two or three bales of cotton or hogsheads of tobacco, or barrels of corn, sufficiently represent annual crops worth hundreds of millions of dollars, and the models of the fastest clipper-ships, and the most curious labor-saving machines, take up but a little room, and make but a poor show beside porcelain and malachite. It is, as every body must see, mainly and almost entirely in their superiority in the Arts of Design that the nations of the Old World outshine the New. It is by the display of taste and artistic skill, the exquisite forms and colors they know how to give to articles of use or ornament, by the graceful patterns of the textile fabrics; the exquisite shapes of the pottery; the beautiful carvings of furniture; and the superb arrangements of jewelry and similar objects, that they have thrown our contributions into the shade. We by no means regret this comparison. It is best that our people should know the truth in all these matters. Because we build the fastest ships and produce the best cotton, it does not necessarily follow that our porcelain and silver-ware must be the most beautiful of any in the world. The fact is, in all these branches of industry where the gratification of the eye is chiefly addressed, we are mere imitators of European manufacturers. Our designs for furniture, calicoes, silverware, pottery, jewelry, and almost every thing else in which the beauty of design and color enters as a necessary element of value, are principally borrowed from European Artists. Every steamer brings over large quantities of new designs. The *London Art-Journal* has an immense subscription list in this country—chiefly among manufacturers. And continental publications devoted to the different branches of ornamental industry find a ready sale here. English, French, and German patterns are constantly displayed for our choice, and when we order a book-case or a tea-service, we have a foreign portfolio thrust into our hands, and are told to make our selections from its contents. So that although our furniture, and clothing, and ornaments and apparel are made by our fellow countrymen, the minds that invented the forms and arranged the colors are generally abroad. An

original design is scarcely ever heard of. Talent of this sort is not needed here, and if it springs up or is imported, it is straightway turned into other channels. There are some exceptions of course to this. We have invented some forms of carriages that are deserving of praise, and we now and then produce other novelties that are creditable. But the general truth we believe to be as we have stated it; and it did not require the World's Fair to convince intelligent observers of this fact. They knew it as well last year as they do at present.

If this then be true, the next question is, ought not the difficulty to be remedied? Ought we not to attempt to make ourselves independent of Europe in respect to the forms and colors and external finish of our manufactures, as we are already in respect to their substantial ingredients? It seems to us there can be but one answer to this question. The Exhibition of 1861 has shown, in a most striking manner, the great commercial value of the Fine Arts, and this view of the case should urge us to contribute more earnestly than ever to their encouragement and support, even if there were no other motives to such action, drawn from their refining and elevating influences, and from that just national pride which should prompt us to give to our country a position in this respect, as well as all others commensurate with its power and prosperity.

THE PICTURESQUE AT A WATERING-PLACE.—Where is the element of external beauty to be found in the actual daily life of us Americans of the sea-board? There is something of it among the log huts, the trappers, and the emigrants of the West; but is there any thing picturesque to be found in the every-day life of the people of the Atlantic States? This question may be as conveniently answered at a watering-place as elsewhere. This indeed is the spot where it should appear, if it really exists. A watering-place is the play-ground of the nation. It is here that health and happiness resort—that a cup of cool water refreshes the parched lips of Tantalus, and the wheel of Ixion for a time forgets to turn. It is here that the wealthy are most profuse, and the gay are the gayest. Whatever we have that is most elegant in form and color, most splendid in apparel, most graceful in action and occupation, must appear at these Olympian games of fashion and beauty. Let us then for a moment look upon the scene simply as a *spectacle*—as something addressed to the painter's eye. Such a view may be trifling and unimportant in comparison with its moral aspect, but that is sufficiently discussed elsewhere, and lies beyond the province of the *Bulletin*. Regarded, then, from this lower point of survey, and simply as a picture, how barren at first sight appears the general panorama of Newport, for instance, in all that constitutes beauty! How little that is picturesque in these long dusty streets; these square plain unornamented houses; these huge piles of hotels pierced with innumerable windows; these lumbering ungraceful carriages; these men in angular narrow-skirted coats, and hats like segments of stove-pipes; these women in rigid corsets and protuberant masses of petticoats! And then that grand ballet pantomime of ugliness, the bathing-beach at eleven o'clock; has CALLOT drawn or HOFFMANN

imagined any scene of diablerie more strange and fantastic than this collection of dripping mountebanks?—thin women in scant tunics and trowsers, fat men in shrunken integuments of red flannel, black demons in oil skin caps and masks; elderly gentlemen with straw hats tied under their chins in the style of Mrs. Gamp, Irish nurses in old calico gowns, and the whole corps de ballet engaged in a grand *pas d'action* with hands and arms uplifted like so many dancing bears! We might go on and present in our magic lantern other phantasmagoria of deformities; but enough of this for the present. Let us engage in a more pleasing duty, and show some few glimpses of the picturesque in outward life, even in this spot which at first appears so uncongenial.

The bathing-beach, for instance, which, from ten to twelve o'clock offers so strange a spectacle, has pleasanter aspects at other hours, notwithstanding the long rows of cars which always disfigure it. At the Isthmian games, which were instituted in honor of the great sea deity, the competitors entered naked into the arena and became the most desirable models for the artists of Greece. So in these modern Neptunian sports, from early morning until nine o'clock, and for two hours after noon, men and boys engage without clothing in the contest with the huge overtopping sea-waves; and there is much to gratify the painter in the prospects soon after sunrise, where the long shadows of the bathers, as they enter the surf, are cast backwards across the glittering beach, and their well-developed forms are shown in all that beauty of chiaro-scuro in which artists delight. In the distance bare-legged fishermen are sometimes to be seen, drawing the seine, and with the rocks and dashing spray and overhanging promontories, the whole presents one of those views which JOSEPH VERNET took such pleasure in delineating. And then again in the afternoon, when the sands serve for driving, it is a beautiful sight to see some gay party with their four-in-hand or "tandem," flying over the hard surface, skirting in their winding course the broad ocean that lies resplendent in the red light of sunset, and stretches far away from beside the track of the rushing wheels for thousands of miles to the eastward, or a riding party of ladies galloping past in mad excitement in that graceful dress which fashion has not spoiled, their curls tossed by the cool sea-wind, and their cheeks glowing with health and enjoyment. And what more exquisite marine view can there be than that which we witness upon our evening drive homewards from Fort Adams on Tuesdays or Fridays, when the fleet of yachts and sail-boats are also returning—stretching across the bay to the town with the glow of the western skies flashing upon their sails? And even in the bowling-alley, the parlor and the ball-room, the graceful and the picturesque have not been entirely excluded by the fashions and conventionalisms of the hour. The rigid rules of etiquette bend a little. Both men and women gratify their fancies in dress, as they would never venture to do on the pavé of Broadway, or in the saloons of the Fifth Avenue. Grave merchants occasionally indulge in small moustaches—fathers of families now and then substitute slouched hats for the gum-stiffened cylindrical tubes of Leary or Beebe—belles walk upon the cliffs with simple veils or broad Arcadian flats for their sole head-coverings. Jackets

of high colors, loose coats of velvet, buttons of brilliant stones, take the place of the Puritan simplicity of ordinary attire. Indeed so far does the love of the picturesque in dress seem to extend, that if there had been suggested in the place of the fancy ball a grand triumphal procession by moonlight through the waves at the beach in honor of Neptune and Thetis, with all the attendant divinities in appropriate costumes of sea-weed and water plants, it might have found supporters. Meanwhile, bowling, rowing, sailing, driving, billiards and tableaux vivants, develop some grace of action and posture in people who might fail to exhibit these qualities, during a whole winter of dinner parties and polkas.

But, alas! these exceptions to the general ugliness, angularity, and deformity of modern outward life, serve only to make us desire more earnestly the coming of that age in which the Beautiful shall be generally sought as well as the Good and the True. There was a time when its laws were recognized and obeyed not only in the halls of pleasure, but in the midst of the dull details of business. We have gained upon the classic days of antiquity, in the gratification of every sense but that of sight. We smell sweeter perfumes than those with which Alcibiades was anointed. We eat better dinners than were served at the banquets of Lucullus. We hear diviner music than that to which the Gaditanian girls danced at the suppers of Horace. But where in the rounds of pleasure or business now-a-days, are our eyes delighted with such exquisite displays of beauty and grace as those which constantly met the view of the ancient Greeks and Romans? Within doors and without, at the forum and in the market-place, in the temples of the gods, the banquetting halls, the amphitheatres, the public baths, and the gymnasia, at marriages and at funerals, how far must the exhibition of beauty in architecture, and the plastic arts, and of grace and picturesqueness in dress, attitude and movement, have excelled the dull and awkward displays of modern times! Will there ever be a day in which these charms of the outward life of classic antiquity shall be united to the superior knowledge and higher moral views that the world has since acquired? To accomplish such an union should be the object of all true lovers of Art, but it seems so remote and difficult a task that the most sanguine may well despair of seeing in our own day any substantial change for the better.

MR. LEUTZE'S WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.—This great work of Art is to be exhibited at the Stuyvesant Institute in the course of the present month. We have had the privilege of seeing it, and it fully justifies the following description given by a German writer, which we find translated in the *Tribune*:

"In this picture the artist has depicted the events of the hour in which the destiny of the free States of North America was decided for centuries, through the boldness of their courageous and prudent leader. The means of continuing the war were almost exhausted; the army threatened in a few days to dissolve itself; the cause of freedom for that continent, with its inestimable consequences for ancient Europe, would have been postponed, no one can tell how long perhaps forever. Then the great mind of Washington conceived what the morally debased, reposing enemy, thought impossible.

He crossed the Delaware with his army in the night, amid masses of floating ice, and, in the twilight of morning, assailed the inactive camp on the other side. The picture reproduces the moment when the great General—ahead of the mass of the army, which had also just embarked, and part of which are passing off from the shore, and part already struggling with the driving ice—is steering to the opposite shore in a small boat, surrounded by eleven heroic figures, officers, farmers, soldiers, and boatmen. The tall and majestic form of the man in whose hands at that hour lay the fate of millions, rises from the group, standing slightly bent forward with one foot on the bottom of the boat, the other on the forward bench. His mild, yet serious and commanding glance, seems seeking to pierce the mist of the further shore and discover the enemy, while intimations of the future grandeur of his country rise upon his mind. Nothing of youthful rashness appears in the expression of this figure, but the thoughtful artist has depicted the 'heart for any fate' of the General and Statesman in noble, vigorous and faithful traits. And what an impulse moves through the group of his companions! Their thought is, 'Forward, invincibly forward, for our country!' This is expressed in their whole bearing, in every movement, in the eyes and features of all. Under the influence of this thought they command the raging elements so that the masses of ice seem to dissolve before the will and energy of these men."

We hear it is the intention of Messrs. Goupil to have this work engraved in line by Girardet in the highest style, and upon a plate of the largest size ever used. The print will be as large as the famous one of Cardinal Richelieu, which some of our readers will remember. The head of Washington in Leutze's picture is considered by good judges to be the noblest ever painted of him. We have heard an interesting anecdote respecting the manner in which it was designed. The mask that was taken from General Washington's face by Houdon, in order to execute the Richmond statue, is now in Paris. The artist procured a cast from it which he attentively studied for an hour or more, and after having fixed its lineaments in his memory made his own drawing without recurring to the cast.

Mr. Leutze arrived in the United States the early part of last month, and is now in this city. He has passed the interval in visiting Niagara and other points of interest, and has every where been received with attention and respect. At Philadelphia he was entertained by his brother artists, and in the evening serenaded by a German musical association. We are highly gratified to hear that he will probably remain in this city during the winter. If he would be willing to make it his permanent residence and open his atelier for pupils, he would benefit our school by developing artistic ability amongst us, as he is now promoting its reputation by the exhibition of his great picture.

HEALY'S PAINTING OF WEBSTER REPLYING TO HAYNE.—This picture, which we are informed is one of the largest works in oil ever produced by an American artist, has been exhibited for several weeks past in Boston, and is to be shown in this city early the present month in the rooms of the National Academy of Design, opposite Bond-street. A correspondent of the *Express*, under date of Boston, September 8th, gives the following description of it:

"The great picture, Healy's Webster, representing him as replying to Mr. Hayne in the United States Senate, was exhibited on Saturday last to a select number of persons. This

morning it was opened to the public on exhibition at the new Athenæum. The painting is, indeed, considered by persons of highly cultivated taste in the fine arts, and critics in general, as a great work of art, taking every one by surprise, the expectation falling far short of the reality, and that, too, even in every department. The style of the picture reminds one of the works of Paul Veronese. It is full of life and reality, touching in incident, prominent in figure, grouped and colored with admirable skill and effect to a remarkable degree.

Let me give you a cursory view of the painting, after a three hours' inspection. The canvas is of liberal extent, embracing the whole Senate Chamber, and comprising in number, 130 portraits as large as life. Nine-tenths of them are true portraits, consisting of the Senators of that day, also of other functionaries, and of many distinguished ladies and gentlemen of Boston and the vicinity. The attitude of the principal figure, that of Mr. Webster, exhibits the defender of the Constitution in an easy position, the weight of his body resting upon the right foot, the left one a little elevated and slightly advanced. His left hand rests upon the desk beside him, while his right arm and hand hang easily by his side, but ready to be elevated at the next burst of eloquence! Around him, the eye beholds a dignified assemblage—all attentive as a body—all touched more or less by the "burning eloquence" contained in that "great speech." The Chair is filled by the immortal Calhoun, whom you behold in a listening position, eager to catch every word. Over his head the canopy of crimson drapery is visible, surmounted by the American Eagle, whose very eye seems to be watching Webster. Right back, or rather just on Webster's right, sits John M. Clayton in a careless attitude, his right arm leaning on the desk. Near him can be seen an admirable portrait of the late learned Judge Woodbury, while the attentiveness evinced by those able Judges, Sprague and Burnett, strikes you forcibly at once. Right behind the latter gentleman, sits Webster's learned opponent, Hayne, who is represented as eyeing the "God-like" in a calm manner. Down his back stream a few silvery curling locks. All bespeaks a dignified body. John Tyler sits just back of Hayne; while beside John Bell, can be seen Hon. Tristram Burgess, the "Bald Eagle." Side by side can be seen Cass, Polk and McLean—each portrait true and as large as life. Benton is there. Back of Webster stands "Honest John Davis." Three seats from the former, sits the immortal Judge Story in glasses. All eyes are upon Webster.

The portraits of many of our prominent citizens, of both sexes, crowd the spacious gallery. Most of them, however, belong to Boston. Among them are Mrs. Otis, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Welch, Mrs. Sparks, Mrs. Webster, Miss Loring, Miss Ida Russell, Miss Kennedy, Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Judge McLean, Mrs. Benton, Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Polk, all true portraits. This sight alone is a beautiful one. Gen. Scott is under the "petticoat government," so are J. Q. Adams, Harrison Grey Otis, Philip Hone, Prescott, Draper, M. de Tocqueville, Col. Perkins, and Longfellow, the poet.

While conversing with Mr. Healy to-day, I was informed by him that he had been engaged upon this painting for a period of four years. Its value is \$10,000. Many reports have gone abroad concerning its final destination, but the truth of the matter is this: he tells me that it is his property—that he intends to exhibit it in most of the main cities in the United States, and after that it is to be purchased and presented to the city of Boston, and placed within the walls of Faneuil Hall.

PRESENT TO QUEEN VICTORIA.—We see it stated that a portrait of Mrs. Martha Washington, copied by Mr. Thomas S. Cummings of our city, from an original picture by Gilbert Stuart, has been sent as a present to the Queen of England, by the artist. Her Majesty places it in her collection of historical portraits, and through Lord

Palmerston acknowledged the gift in a letter, accompanied with a gold medal bearing her own portrait.

POWERS'S STATUE OF EVE.—Our readers will remember an account published of the shipwreck of this work, off Cape Palos, on the 3d of May last. It was on board of the Swedish vessel, the *Westmoreland*. We are happy to state that it has since been recovered, and is now in this city, having been brought hither by the British schooner *Volo*, from Carthage. This fine production appears to be in good order, with the exception of the pedestal, which is slightly damaged. It belongs to Mr. Preston, of South Carolina, a brother of the distinguished Senator, and will probably be exhibited here for a short time, previous to its shipment to the South.

AMERICAN SCULPTORS IN ROME.—We find the following in a letter to the *Home Journal*, written, the editors say, by a traveller of high reputation, and well known in literature, now sojourning in Italy:

"Of American sculptors in Rome, Crawford is of course the most eminent. He has a great deal of invention, fancy, and expression. I well remember the sensation produced among us in Boston by the appearance of his *Orpheus* looking for *Eurydice*. It at once established his fame as a man of true and high genius. His ideas then were of the classical type, and mythological subjects were the chief topics of his sketches and bas-reliefs. Subsequently, he seems to have turned his thoughts towards a reproduction of some of the effects attained by the Italian sculptors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, of whom Stefano Maderno was the best and least known, and Bernini was the worst, and most admired. The traces of the influence of this school upon Crawford may be seen in his *Flora*, a recent statue of great beauty and expression, just completed for Mr. Haight of your city. He has also in his studio a lovely group of *Hebe* and *Ganymede*, lately finished for Mr. Charles Perkins, of Boston. It is in his early, classic manner, and is in fact made from a design of former years. It is truly a delightful production. But the *magnum opus* of Crawford's life and labors is, or will be, the colossal group of Washington and six of his contemporaries, which has been ordered by the State of Virginia. It consists of an equestrian statue of Washington, upon a pedestal something like that of the *Marcus Aurelius* on the *Campidoglio*, which itself surmounts a star-shaped base, which is arranged in steps. At the six angles of this base, will stand statues of six eminent Virginia heroes of the era of independence: Marshall, Harry Lee, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Andrew Lewis, and one other, who has not yet been decided upon. The entire height of the whole composition will be sixty feet from the ground; the architectural structure being forty-two feet, and the equestrian group surrounding it, eighteen feet. Each statue at the angles will be eleven feet in height, or, with the base on which it stands twelve feet. The whole work, when modelled, will be cast in bronze at Munich, which contains the best foundries in the world; and will be brought in pieces to the United States. When I last looked in at his studio in the *Piazza Barberini*, he had the figure of Patrick Henry set up, of the intended size, and in an attitude altogether characteristic and worthy of him whose words were weapons, whose speech was like the charge of a host. Severe and simple yet instinct with native energy and prevailing force, the artist's fine conception embodies to the imagination all that we ascribe most highly to the "forest-born Demosthenes." The head of Washington will of course be modelled upon the Houdon statue, which is the authentic type for all future sculptors, of the face and mien of that lofty original. The subjects are all great, and well adapted for modelling; and I have no

doubt that the author, proceeding as he has begun, will accomplish a work upon which the highest claims to renown may justly be rested. I anticipate great popularity for this truly magnificent design. The artist expects to complete the whole in five years. I question whether he can take leave of it under twice five years."

CITY IMPROVEMENTS AT WASHINGTON.—We find the following in the *Express*:

"The 'city of magnificent distances' is likely to be greatly improved we see, under the able direction of Mr. Downing, of this State, the author of 'Landscape Gardening' and other works, whose plans for turning the wide waste extending from the Capitol grounds to the Potomac into a magnificent public park have been adopted by the President of the United States.

"Mr. D. has had a large force employed for some time past, under the superintendence of Mr. Breckenridge in the preparation of portions of the park around the Smithsonian Institute on the south side of the President's House. In the square south of the President's a large swampy surface has been filled up, and a lake is now in course of formation. In all these operations, Mr. Downing's experience and skill is applied to the preservation of features of natural beauty and the preparation of the soil, in such a manner as to promote the rapid growth of trees when planted. This park when completed, will afford a fine carriage drive of three or four miles. The Potomac at one end, and the Capitol—which when the new wings are completed, will cover an area of over four acres—at the other; the Smithsonian Institute and the Washington Monument being situated in its midst. Besides this Mr. Downing is planning the improvement of Lafayette and Franklin Squares into fine pleasure-grounds. In the centre of Lafayette Square will be placed Mr. Mills's colossal equestrian statue of General Jackson, which will be finished about the first of January.

"Among the unsightly corners of Washington are the triangles along Pennsylvania Avenue—the receptacles of rubbish and building materials. The Secretary of the Interior has directed one of these—that in front of the theatre—to be inclosed as a specimen of what may be done towards the embellishment of the great avenue of the city.

"The work on the addition to the Capitol is described as going on finely. There are upwards of two hundred and fifty persons employed. The east basement wall of the south wing is already ten feet in height, and they have commenced laying stone at the north wing. The foundation walls are eight feet nine inches thick. It is said that the new Hall of Representatives will have three hundred seats for members, besides accommodations for persons privileged to the floor. The Senate Chamber will be provided with one hundred seats. The galleries of each branch will accommodate two thousand persons, or more than three times the number under the present arrangements. There will be upwards of one hundred new committee rooms. It is thought that the erection of the "addition" will occupy upwards of five years."

We see it stated, in addition to the above, that about four hundred private buildings some of them splendid and costly edifices, are going up this season. With such improvements advancing from time to time, Washington bids fair to become, as it ought to be, the most imposing and magnificent city in the country.

MEXICAN WAXWORK.—We have frequently been struck with the great truth to nature which is exhibited by the figures in wax that are manufactured in Mexico to illustrate the habits and costumes of that country. There is no attempt at idealization in these works but they have been rarely excelled in imitative power, and deserve, in our opinion, more attention than has been paid to them. We observe that

several specimens have found a place in the Crystal Palace, and have been properly noticed in the *Illustrated London News*. We have also seen figures from Mexico most ingeniously made with rags, which material, notwithstanding it is so unpromising is twisted into very life-like representations of men and women. It is said that these works are produced by persons who have received no artistic education whatever. They certainly indicate an accuracy of observation and imitative power which, if properly cultivated and united with a lively imagination, might produce works of much greater importance and interest.

COPY OF TITIAN'S PETER MARTYR FOR BALTIMORE.—We have mentioned several times the copies of European masterpieces which have been commissioned by the Maryland Historical Society. The correspondent at Venice of the *New-York Herald* has the following particulars respecting a copy of Titian's most famous production, which, we presume, is being made for that Institution.

"About a month since Signor Enrico Bartolomei an artist from Rome, arrived here with letters from Esterhazy, the Austrian Minister at Rome, to Count Toggenburg, Civil Governor of Venice, and also, from Mr. Crawford the sculptor to the United States Consul, for the purpose of making a copy of Titian's great painting in the Church of Saints John and Paul, in this city, for the Academy of Arts in the city of Baltimore. The copy was ordered by Mr. Tiffany and Mr. J. L. B. Latrobe, of Baltimore. The picture is accounted one of the finest of the works of the great master, and by some is even esteemed the third picture in the world—Raphael's 'Transfiguration,' and the 'Communion of St. Jerome,' both at Rome, being ranked as the two first; though by some others, Titian's 'Assumption of the Virgin,' at the Academy of Fine Arts, in this city, takes the second place. 'The Communion of St. Jerome,' by-the-by, has also been ordered by the Baltimoreans to be copied by the same artist. The picture of Titian, here, which is to be copied, is very large (about twelve by fourteen feet), and so heavy that it requires a dozen men to handle it. It represents the martyrdom of Father Peter of Verona, a Dominican priest, who was slain on the 6th of April 1252, near Barlassina. A pulpit is shown at the chapel of St. Martin, at Milan, from which the old monk used to denounce the heresies of the day; but failing to persuade by words, he had recourse to the persuasions of the Inquisition, and tortured his victims without mercy, at the Dominican Monastery, and, 'at length,' says Murray, 'fell a victim quite as much to the fears as to the revenge of those who slew him.' He was canonized by Rome about a dozen years after his violent death. The design of the picture is considered better than the execution, by artists; though some persons, not artists, dare to think exactly the reverse. By the order of Count Toggenburg, this great picture has been taken down from its altar, greatly to the displeasure of the dignitaries of the church, and Bartolomei is now hard at work upon his copy in the sacristy, where he enjoys every advantage of a fine light, and a cool and secluded apartment. The picture has often been copied before, but never has the distinguished favor been granted of having it removed from its place. The Academy of Arts at Baltimore should feel duly honored and duly grateful. The outline drawing in pencil is nearly completed, and gives promise of a good copy. The size of the copy is to be about one-half, or two-thirds that of the original."

AMERICAN-INDIAN MANUFACTURES IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—Among the contributions il-

lustrating the industry of all nations, Mr. Catlin has sent two models in wax of a chief and his daughter dressed in clothing, and accompanied by various articles manufactured by the Indians. The fine deerskins, with their ornaments of porcupine quills and scalp locks, the head-dress of war-eagles' feathers, the otter-skin tobacco pouch, the necklaces of fresh water shells and elks' teeth, and the curious robe of white, yellow, and black, with its dyes, textures, and symbolic figures, attract a great deal of attention among the more finished productions of civilized life. The visitors are struck with the resemblance between the Western industry and that of the East.

WEST'S PICTURE OF PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.—We have seen it stated in an English journal that this work, which was recently purchased at the sale at Stoke Pogeis in England, is to be brought to this country for exhibition.

EXHIBITION OF THE THORWALDSEN STATUES.—Casts of the colossal statues of *Christ and the Apostles*, executed by Thorwaldsen for the Cathedral at Copenhagen, and which we described in a previous number of the *Bulletin*, have arrived in this country, and will probably be exhibited to the public in the course of the present month. We hear that negotiations are going on for the use of a Hall for the purpose.

THE HOME BOOK OF THE PICTURESQUE.—We desire to recommend to the attention of our readers this beautiful volume, which is about to be published by Mr. Putnam, and of which a specimen print is published in the present number of the *Bulletin*. There are to be thirteen illustrations as follows:—The Bay of New-York, by H. Beckwith—the Clove, Catskill, by Durand—the Alleghanies, North Carolina, by Richards—Snow Scene on the Housatonic, by Gignoux—Catskill Scenery, by Ken-sett—Schroon Lake, by Cole—West Rock, New Haven, by Church; Adirondack Mountains, by Durand; the Juniata, Pennsylvania, by Talbot—Cascade Bridge on the Erie Railroad, by Talbot—Rondout, by Huntington—Church at West Point, by Weir—Wa-wanda Lake, N. J., by Cropsey, &c. The literary matter is contributed by Washington Irving, J. Fenimore Cooper, Miss Cooper, author of "Rural Hours," Bryant, N. P. Willis, Bayard Taylor, Dr. Bethune, Tuckerman, Magoon, &c.

AMERICAN ARTISTS ABROAD.—Mr. HUNTINGTON is still in London, where, we believe, he intends to remain for the present. He is receiving there all the courtesies which he so well deserves, and meets with the kindest attentions from his sitters the Earl of Carlisle, Sir Charles Eastlake, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other distinguished men.

He writes that he made a mistake, however, in going to England so late in the London season, by which means two or three of the portraits he intended to paint must either be given up, or he must remain abroad until next winter. Both Mr. Huntington and Mr. Gray were invited to attend the *Conversazione* of the Royal Academy, which was held late in August, in place of the annual dinner. The rooms were lighted with gas for the first time, it not being the practice in Europe to exhibit pictures by artificial light. We are very glad to learn from Mr. H.

that Sir Charles Eastlake is engaged upon a sequel to his "Materials;" in which he treats especially of the Italian Schools, and which will be even of greater interest than the volume already published.

Mr. GRAY has returned. He left his picture of the *Wages of War* in London, where we understand it will be exhibited.

We have not heard any news since our last in regard to any other of our absent artists.

GEN. WEBB'S ANTIQUE MARBLES.—We alluded in a late number to these works, which will be included in the autumn exhibition of the Art-Union. We now publish a few extracts from letters respecting them written by Major Cass, the United States Chargé d' Affaires at Rome:

"Some of these Busts are originals by well known masters, one or two of them excellent copies by artists of admitted merit, and some of them genuine and undoubted antiques, which I never could have obtained, except by means of my position and in consequence of the distress pervading a class who have heretofore been independent in their pecuniary circumstances."

Again:

"Some of these Busts are about the size of life—others much larger. There are excavations now being made which are bringing to light treasures in art which have been buried for centuries; and such opportunities for purchases can never occur again. I have used the discretionary power with which you have invested me in a manner which you will never regret; and I guaranty that you shall have in your house such a collection of suitable antiques as are not to be found in the possession of any other gentleman in America.

"Since I last wrote I have provided for you two colossal Busts, just come to light in the excavations which are being made at Adrian's Villa. A most fortunate circumstance placed them within my control; and I have been half inclined to wish that I had been collecting for myself instead of you at this period. If so nothing could induce me to part with these Busts. Good faith, however, with my own conscience, requires that I should consider them as belonging to your collection. I have been offered \$500 apiece for them; but they are worth much more money."

Again:

"Mr. — of Philadelphia, — of Washington, — of New Orleans, and many other of our countrymen, are availing themselves of my services to get possession of works of art which the present condition of things here forces upon the market. I never expect, however, to find again any thing like the articles I have found for you. It is not once in fifty years that a genuine antique is exposed for sale, and then the price is enormous, as you well know. Some of the Busts now shipped to you are deemed invaluable. The two colossal Busts are very highly appreciated, and great efforts have been made to induce me to part with them. As I mentioned in a former letter, they have but recently been excavated; and it was a most fortunate accident which placed them in my possession. I am offered \$ — for them; but, in the first place, they are yours, and not subject to my disposal; and, secondly, I should greatly regret that on any account, or for any sum, solitary genuine antique, which can be sent to the United States, should fail to find its way

there. To me it has been a source of no ordinary pleasure to feel that, in obtaining these Busts for you, and in collecting some works of art for other friends, I am, in fact, laboring for our country, which has so few specimens of the antique. This conviction renders it a labor of love to me; and, independent of all personal considerations, I feel proud as an American at my success in procuring you this collection Mr. L —, and several other gentlemen of wealth from your city, are searching high and low—ransacking every hole and corner to find antiques, and I do all in my power to aid them, in the conviction that in every specimen of the antique I aid in sending to America I render a service to my country; but the time for procuring these things has passed away. Our liberal countrymen offer almost any prices for those antiques, which it is deemed practicable to purchase, but without success. The only purchase of late, is by Mr. L —, who has just found two antique Busts, small and mutilated, for which he gave enormous prices. But the price, with him, is no object; and I rejoice in the knowledge that two more gems are procured for the United States."

FOREIGN ART AND ARTISTS.

GENERAL EXHIBITION OF THE FINE ARTS AT BRUSSELS.—One of the most important events in the Art world of Europe that we have heard of since our last number was prepared for the press, is the opening of the Great Exhibition of works by living artists of all nations at Brussels, on the 15th of August last. The king of Belgium, with the magistrates of the city and chief artists, made a tour of the new halls, which are said to be very convenient and elegant, and, what is rare in European galleries provided with comfortable seats. The pictures are well lighted, and hung to the satisfaction of their authors, who also, it would seem have excellent opportunities for selling them numerous purchases having been made as early as the first day. The Exhibition is more numerous than any previous one in Brussels. The catalogue contains more than 1500 objects. The first observation, says a French critic, which one makes in casting his eyes around the saloon, is, that painting has become wanting in all system and direction, and abandoned to individual fancy. Observe, he says, the infinite variety of this brilliant Exhibition, attempt to group these pictures into categories, in order to criticise them conveniently: it is impossible. In the choice of the subject, the composition, the development of character, the form and color, every one differs from every other. Among the thousand exhibitors there are not ten who work upon the same principles and with the same end.

Some distinguished men are not represented; among others, Ary Scheffer, Eugene Delacroix, Paul Delaroche, Theodore Rousseau, Landseer, and Cornelius.

This Exhibition will prove, says our critic, that the French and Belgian schools are the only ones that are advancing. The Italian is but a shadow of its former self. The Spanish no longer exists. The English possesses clever water colorists, but no painters. The Dutch some years since, attained a certain degree of excellence, which it has now since surpassed. Dusseldorf and Munich compose, draw, and

produce erudition and literature with pencil in hand rather than painting. Overbeck, Cornelius, Bendemann, Lessing, Kaubach, and many others, are certainly men of talent, but this talent being entirely archæological cannot maintain itself against the life of the French school, so varied and so brilliant.

The work which seems to bear the palm in this great display is a painting by M. Gallait, a Belgian artist, representing the *Last Honors paid to the bodies of Count Egmont and Count Horn*, of which a late number of the *Illustration* presents a woodcut.

INFLUENCE OF PHOTOGRAPHY UPON THE FINE ARTS.—M. Figuier has lately published in Paris a work upon the principal scientific discourses of modern times, from a notice of which in the *Illustration* we translate the following remarks on the Daguerreotype:—

Everybody has remarked the imperfections of the photographic image. The tone of the copy is often very different from that of the original, because certain colors exercise upon the coating of the plates a peculiar and variable action which cannot be foreseen or controlled. Again, the linear perspective, and the aerial perspective are evidently false—the former, because objects placed at unequal distances have different luminous foci, so that if in a portrait, for instance, the hands occupy a plane anterior to that of the countenance, they appear of exaggerated dimensions. The alteration in the aerial perspective, arises from the fact, that the surface which receives the rays of light is more sensitive than our eye, so that certain details, distant objects for instance, are copied with more exactness and strength of outline than they appear to us.

But a more serious fault of the Daguerreotype is, that it does not *compose*, but *copies* with too much exactness. Artistic composition in fact consists chiefly in subduing secondary effects, in order to place in relief the parts that chiefly occur in the general effect. In the impression that one receives from a landscape, for instance, although all the details are impressed upon the retina, there are a great number which are not perceived at all, or are lost in the general effect. In this view the Daguerreotype gives a false representation of striking natural scenery, inasmuch as it pitilessly reproduces every useless detail, and consequently translates inaccurately the sensations which are excited in us by the *tout-ensemble*. It is certain that in the presence of natural scenery our imagination ceaselessly modifies the evidence of our senses, and alters and denaturalizes physiological sensations. Art, having for its special object not to reproduce material effects, but the sensations which outward objects excite in our minds, it ought to translate nature rather than copy it. Identity, says M. Figuier, is not the problem of painting; its object is to recall to the soul the sentiments which are awakened in us by the sight of reality.

PUBLIC STATUES.—We continue our record of commemorative statues which are being erected so numerous in Europe, by mentioning that of General Damesme, which was inaugurated at Fontainebleau, in France, on the 24th of August last. It is by M. Godin, and represents the General in the attitude of combat.

A colossal statue of the Queen was placed upon its pedestal, in front of Holyrood Palace, in Edin-

burgh on the 22d of August last. It is the production of Handyside Ritchie, and is made of the liver rock of Redhall Quarry—measuring nine and a half feet in height, and with the pedestal and sub-plinth reaching an altitude of twenty feet.

Rauch is modelling an equestrian statue of Frederick William III., which will be placed in Berlin, between the main guard-house and the statue of Blucher. He is also modelling a statue of Count York of Wurtemberg.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN NATURAL COLORS.—In some experiments made by Sir John Herschel a colored impression of the prismatic spectrum was obtained on paper stained with a vegetable juice. Mr. Robert Hunt published some accounts of the indications of color in their natural order obtained on some sensitive photographic surfaces. These were, however, exceedingly faint indications; and M. Biot and many others regarded the prospect of producing photographs in colors as the vision of enthusiasts,—not likely from the dissimilar action of the solar rays ever to become a reality. M. Edmond Becquerel has published a process by which on plates of metal many of the more intense colors have been produced; but it appears to have been reserved for the nephew of the earliest student in photography, Niepce, to make the discovery of producing on the same plate by one impression of the solar rays all the colors of the chromatic scale. Of this process, called by the discoverer, M. Niepce de St Victor, "Heliocromy"—sun-coloring—we have, through the kindness of Mr. Malone, had an opportunity of seeing the earliest specimens imported into this country. They are three copies of colored engravings,—a female dancer and two male figures in fancy costumes; and every color of the original pictures is most faithfully impressed on the prepared silver tablet.

The preparation of the plates still remains a secret with the inventor:—and he informs Mr. Malone—to whom these pictures were given by him, that it is in many respects different from that published by him in his paper "On the Relation which exists between the Color of certain colored Flames in the Heliographic Images colored by light." Suffice it to say, that the plate when prepared presents evidently a dark brown, or nearly a black surface—and the image is *eaten out* in colors. We have endeavored by close examination to ascertain something of the laws producing this most remarkable effect; but it is not easy at present to perceive the relations between the colorific action of light and the associated chemical influence. The female figure has a red silk dress, with purple trimming and white lace. The flesh tints the red, the purple, and the white, are well preserved in the copy. One of the male figures is remarkable for the delicacy of its delineation:—here, blue, red, white and pink are perfectly impressed. The third picture is injured in some parts;—but it is, from the number of colors which it contains, the most remarkable of all. Red, blue, yellow, green, and white are distinctly marked,—and the intensity of the yellow is very striking.

Such are the facts as they have been examined by us;—and these results are superior to those which were given to the world when photography was first announced. We may expect shortly to see these *Heliocromes* presenting favorite scenes and chosen figures to us in all the beauty of native color.—*Athenæum*.

MINOR ART ITEMS.—Mr. Gibson, the English sculptor in Rome, has erected a tomb to the memory of his brother artist, R. J. Wyatt.

The new Neapolitan Government has removed all the nude pictures of Titian into a room by themselves, the celebrated Venus being one of them. The doors of this repository are now screwed up. All the statues of Venus in the Museo Borbonico are also collected in one apartment, which is kept closed.

Extensive restorations of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, in Paris, are in progress. A credit of two millions of francs was voted for this object in 1845, and a new grant of six millions has since been demanded for the same purpose.

Professor Rauch has just finished a small model in plaster of his monument to Frederick the Great. He is likewise at work for the Mausoleum of Blucher, which will be finished in a short time. Festivals are constantly given in honor of Rauch, at one of which, given by an artistic society a large symbolic transparent picture was exhibited, behind which a band of music was stationed. The King has given him the Star of the Red Eagle. The University of Halle have made him a Doctor of Philosophy, and the Duke of Brunswick and King of the Netherlands have also sent him decorations.

M. Kriesman has cast a gigantic Eagle in zinc, which is to crown the column one hundred and twenty feet high in the garden of the Invalid House erected in memory of the soldiers slain on the 10th of March, 1848. From the tip of one wing to the other the length is twenty-five and a-half feet.

The Vienna Art-Union during seven months of its existence has a subscription of thirty thousand florins.

The British Royal Academy exhibition closed on the 16th of August, after a season of unexampled prosperity as to receipts for admission.

Four thousand and seventy original works of art have been exhibited during the past season in London, none of which ever again appear in a London exhibition. These works were distributed as follows: Exhibition of Miscellaneous Sketches, 300: British Institution, 538: Society of British Artists, 693: National Institution, 449: Old Water Color Society, 327: New Water Color, 364: Royal Academy, 1389.

The English Government seem to be disposed to move in earnest for the erection of a new National Gallery. Lord John Russell has announced that they would take the subject into consideration before the next session of Parliament.

AFFAIRS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

OPENING OF THE AUTUMN EXHIBITION.

The Committee of Management opened the Autumn Exhibition for private view on the evening of the 22d of September. The occasion was also taken to extend the welcome of the institution to our distinguished historical painter, Emanuel Leutze, who has recently returned home after an absence of ten years in Germany. Mr. Leutze was present, with a party of two or three hundred gentlemen, among whom were the Hon. Mr. Conrad, Secretary of War, Hon. Mr. Morgan, President of the State Senate, Hon. Mr. Raymond, late Speaker of the House of Assembly, Judge Campbell, Dr. Dewey, Rev. Mr. Osgood, and many artists and amateurs. The recent purchases of the Institution had been hung for the first time upon the walls, chiefly in the new gallery. The pictures in the old gallery had been re-arranged, and several works in the plastic art were added to the exhibition; among which appeared a collection of antique busts, imported from Italy by General Webb, Philip's statue of *Abraham's Sacrifice*, and Hoppin's colossal *Bronze Dog*. Among the pictures are *The Amazon and her Children*, a magnificent study of color, by Leutze, a *Holy Fam-*

ily, painted by Page, upon a commission given to him by the Art-Union, and the first original work he has sent home from abroad, and *New England Scenery*, a work full of the most glowing light, by Church. There are many other works of great merit among the recent additions, which we shall have occasion to notice in a future number of the Bulletin. The guests were received in the northern gallery, from whence, after some time spent in examining the works of art, they were conducted into the new gallery, in which refreshments were served. After the company had partaken of these, several interesting speeches were made, a report of which we take from the *Evening Times* and *Christian Inquirer*.

Mr. A. M. COZZENS, the President of the Art-Union, said that they were honored on this occasion, among other distinguished guests, with the presence of the Secretary of War of the United States. He felt sure that he need say nothing to that audience in praise of their distinguished guest, he would therefore content himself with proposing, as a sentiment, *The health of the Hon. Mr. CONRAD, the Secretary of War*.

Mr. CONRAD said that he felt deeply indebted to the worthy President of the Art-Union for the very unlooked-for compliment which he had paid him. He half suspected that he had had a design from the beginning, of entrapping him into a speech. But he had been on his guard of late against this kind of stratagem. He had come here to-night rather to listen than to speak and he had, therefore, nothing further to say than to propose a sentiment—"Success to the American Art-Union: nothing has done more for the advancement of Art than the institution now assembled."

The PRESIDENT then said: You are doubtless aware, gentlemen that among those who have done us the honor to be present this evening, is one who has contributed largely to the elevation of American Art.

Mr. Leutze left us young in years, and when just entering on a career which his genius and talents have so greatly adorned. He returns with a reputation which confers credit and distinction on his country. He brings back to us not alone the fame and honor he has acquired abroad, and which we have as a common property, but he comes to present to his countrymen a noble monument to the memory of the Father of his Country.

I do not hesitate to say to you, gentlemen, that I consider the picture of "Washington Crossing the Delaware," as one of the greatest productions of the age, and eminently worthy to commemorate the grandest event in the military life of the illustrious man whom all nations delight to honor. I am quite sure you will all join me in cordially wishing health and happiness to Mr. Leutze.

Mr. LEUTZE said that the company certainly would not expect a speech from him. He thanked them cordially for the compliment they had paid him, and for the cordial manner in which it had been received. It would give him great pleasure to show his gratitude in any other way, but making a speech was not in his line.

The President said, that as there appeared to be a great dearth of speakers, he would propose the health of the Speaker of the Assembly of the State of New-York.

Mr. RAYMOND said that was the best reason he had ever heard given for calling upon him for a speech. But he was quite sure the President had mistaken the character of the gentlemen around him. He did not believe there was any such dearth of public speakers. He had known something of the doings of the Art-Union in years past and he saw near him a gentleman who had rendered distinguished service to the Institution. He proposed the health of Gen. WERMORE, late President of the American Art-Union.